ON THE

Relief of VIENNA,

A HYMN for the True-Proteſtants.

I.

REnown'd be *Chriſtian* Arms,
The *Turkiſh Whigs* be damn'd,
And lowſie *Holwel* in their Head,
Who our *blue Saints* has ſhamm'd.

II.

Theſe are your *precious Rogues!*
Rather than not Rebel
Againſt their Lawful Prince, and God,
They'l joyn the *Devil of Hell.*

III.

Theſe are your *True-blue-men,*
Who *Perſecution* cry,
When *They*, with *Julian* their old Friend,
The *Chriſtian God* defie!

IV.

But He has found an Arm
To do the Royal Work,
And vindicate Himſelf, againſt
True-Proteſtant and *Turk.*

V.

'Twas a true *Chriſtian Prince*
That made 'em know His pleaſure,
And taught the Villains what is due
Both to their *GOD* and *CÆSAR:*

VI.

God bleſs our good King CHARLES,
And JAMES, His own dear Brother;
And may They Both live long, live long,
To Succour one another.

VII.

God bleſs the King of *Poland* too,
And every *Chriſtian KING*;
The *Name* is Sacred; Hang the Dogs
Who do not love the Thing.

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